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1902

**SIXTIETH
BIRTHDAY
SOUVENIR**





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MARSHALL M. CLOTHIER
PRAIRIE, WASHINGTON
DECEMBER 12, 1902

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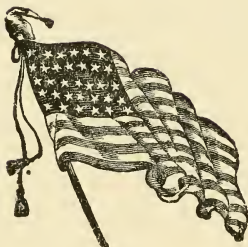
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Sixtieth Birthday Souvenir

Marshall M. Clothier

Columbus, N. Y.
Dec. 1, 1842

Prairie, Washington
Dec. 12, 1902

“Nothing is sure for man but Oblivion”—
’Tis just as well.

Sixty years farewell to these
Six decades—Life’s sunset nigh,
Time hath taught us reason why
Hearts may keep young, though record old,
Per contra sometimes much is told,
Much is understood, we need not tell
Mind unimpaired—’tis just as well.

My mother lives, I am not old,
Matters not, the course we trend,
Mother’s love is more than friend.
No call to Mother made in vain ;
Can I see her face again ?
These many years, hope rose and fell,
Abiding still—’tis just as well.

Trends our thoughts in years long flown,
Yea, memory wells from vale and brook,
Schoolmaster's bell, eye on your book,
That Beech, its vital withy part
Left sore impressions on our heart,
Pinned fast with thorns, Jane and Nell,
Forgotten by any—'tis just as well.

Would fish betimes—with playmates nigh,
Angling is best in rainy spell,
Luck in clouds, and all went well;
'Twas clouded luck, for one and all
When master found we fished at all;
Game, frisky lads, too, often fell,
Screened in fog—'tis just as well.

In our teens, time, passing slow
Though light the years so long,
Tireless restives, hale and strong,
Regaled and met in mirth and tears,
Electric cords bind all these years,
Our early loves, ah, who will tell,
Leaf turned down—'tis just as well.

Age, eighteen years. Hark, beardless boy!
Breeze of spring wafts roll of drum,
Our country calls her sons to come.
Yea, come, though vengeful fate may be
Seeks the life of boy like me.
Bones have bleached where soldiers fell;
Edict of fate—'tis just as well.

A soldier's fate befell my sire.
Forty years' frost and bloom
Has crowned the soldiers' lonely tomb.
Forty years' peace hath shed
Its hallowed requiem o'er the dead.
Sad, blighted home, thine tears that fell
Transfixed in memory—'tis just as well.

We lived to mourn a father slain.
What hence to him? A nation's need.
What are wounds that ache and bleed?
What are campaigns lost and won
When the course of life is run;
Nor roar of guns, nor bursting shell;
No troubled rest—'tis just as well.

“There are faces we fondly recall,”
Of those death shrouds the most;
Spares a wanderer on the coast;
Eternity of rest; no harp may thrill.
Remembrance has warmed our heart and will
Doom everlasting, aye, none can tell.
Earth claims its own—’tis just as well.

Fourteen years sojourn; God bless the Illinois
Schoolmates, and neighbors settled here;
None on earth to us so dear
Save our mother and next of kin.
In such surroundings we should win;
To win, for sooth, time’s annals tell;
Changed conditions—’tis just as well.

“Man proposes, but God disposes;”
Honors were our’s, no foes were there
Yea, warm the greeting everywhere,
Keepsake in gold, notes time for me,
Heritage of honor, stainless, free;
Jewels intrinsic, tears that fell;
Friends must part—’tis just as well.

England's traditions ne'er forgot,
Nor rolling prairies, broad and grand,
Nor heart ties in our boyhood land,
Exchanged for toil, among the trees,
Oh, zephyrs, wafted in ocean breeze;
Fading trail of the Indian, Savage Correll,
Sunset land—'tis just as well.

Lone cabin, crudely rived from logs,
No aid, nor boards to make it
Storm proof; lone man could shake it;
That wood rat, he of bushy tail
And skunk, whose coming seldom fail,
Job lot of varmints, sad to tell,
Called to die—'tis just as well.

From stranger lands to stranger scenes
People pressed to file their claims,
Few gained their purposed aims,
Primeval toil, per force must be,
Life of hardship, no homestead free,
One sequel, in reflective spell,
Pioneer's lot—'tis just as well.

Our rifle, inanimate friend at hand,
Eye deftly turned that way,
Alway true, night and day,
Patrolled a blazed trail with me
Strange tracks about, naught to see.
'Tis midnight we hear the cougar yell,
Day time he sleeps—'tis just as well.

An Indian took the gun away.
Tell me not of honest Lo.
I loaned that gun—let it go.
No sooner gone than unawares
We would meet wild cats and bears.
Only losing a gun, might worse befell.
Lost the Siwash—'tis just as well.

Egyptian darkness, wind and snow,
The panther's cry is at our door,
Calf that was, is calf no more;
Storm and sleet, mud and rain,
Traps for varmints set in vain.
Tempest tossed, great trees fell;
No place like home—'tis just as well.

Fields were cleared; yea roads were made;
Ho, neighbor's cabin, cheerful view;
Years have sped since first we knew
A Cruso life, lone, wild and rude—
A home all masked in solitude;
Graves unkept for settlers fell;
Homely graves—'tis just as well.

Death message thrills the quivering wire,
Our daughter, in agonies smothered moan,
And dying, grieves, her father gone.
Black clouds about in every part,
Storm beat fiercest in our heart,
Sense of grief no tongue may tell,
Borne alone—'tis just as well.

Rifts in clouds betimes might be,
A timely aid our efforts gave
Wounded neighbors, lives to save,
Anon, where fate had dealt a blow
From, our stores bounty we'd bestow,
But all, in all, our spirit fell
Growing old—'tis just as well.

Cares increased while marking time,
A panic raged on every hand
Excessive tax on wilderness land,
Oh! Man of ample means forehanded,
Gleanings of by-gone years stranded,
Few could buy, nay, few could sell,
A memory now—'tis just as well.

Some things borne are hard to bear,
When fortune wanes and purse is low,
Wavering friend is worse than foe.
Who tenders a hand when banks suspend,
With courage and vim, he's our friend;
Weaklings should cleave, Judas fell,
Fell for keeps—'tis just as well.

The darkest hour precedes the dawn,
Worried brain, e'en death may lurk,
The vital hour, the end of work
May be at hand inflame the load,
When called to harvest that we sowed;
Wave or wavelet, none could tell,
Veiled in sorrow—'tis just as well.

The only wealth is youth and health,
Deprived of these, state that you dare?
And poor, indeed, is the millionaire
Bereft of friends, ere life is shorn;
The heart's grim poverty must be borne,
Sad echoes of a tolling bell,
Revive again—'tis just as well.

“Man's bounds are set, he cannot pass,”
Priests may condone—believers pray,
Creeds of the fathers, evolving away,
Changeless the road justice hath trod,
Justice to man is justice to God.
God's book, oh, Nature, study may tell,
Always open—'tis just as well.

Translated invoice of three score years,
A magnet in the mortal mind
Points *one* code, for all mankind.
Creeds and Isms are as naught;
The soul receives for that it wrought.
On non-essentials, *yea*, we dwell
Aim high and true—'tis just as well.

Stand by and view Niagara's bridge,
We believe, aye, know, admire in awe
The Architect we never saw.
Stand by the shore of surging sea,
Oh, infidel, who bends no knee
And deny Deity; if be a hell
For shameless fools—'tis just as well.

Destiny there be, shapes our lives;
Some mornings gloomy and clouds o'ercast
The sun, in noontides, tempest blast,
Ere daylight blends and fades in night,
Comes glory of Nature's god in sight,
Hope on, hope ever, yet a spell
Sun shines at last—'tis just as well.

We meet, we hail, and pass on.
The mariner discerns in darkest night,
Reflecting from shore the harbor light,
Nor thinks of reefing storm-rent sails
When seas swept the rails,
Waves might break, roll and swell,
Almost home—'tis just as well.

Let the flag be my winding sheet,
It matters not where I am laid,
A debt to Nature must be paid,
Faults can't survive, some good has been
Left heritage to my fellow men;
“Believe, ye, this, the creed of creeds.”
All we leave is noble deeds—’tis just as well.





Gleanings From a Busy Life

Dedicated To My Children

The love of a child is pure.

Friend and neighbor are relative terms.

To be homeless is to have no one to love.

A brave man is compassionate and just.

If a man's word be good, his bond is superfluous.

Conceit and deceit predominate in human affairs.

Our children grow dearer as we approach the great unknown.

To speak a lie is sin, to act a lie is villainy.

Death utilizes passions of men to hasten its harvest.

The most unfeeling tyrant is an ungovernable child.

A wholesome precept well defined lives on through the ages.

In associating with women, remember your mother and sister.

Pride and vanity are foster parents of dishonor and humiliation.

There is no ownership, styled property. Conditional tenure is all.

Without culture, adults are children handicapped by weight and time.

The road to man's favor is through his stomach; woman's, her heart.

Ageing depends on conditions; some are comparatively old at forty, others young at sixty.

Betwixt the drug store and the morgue,
there exists a strange affinity.

Not every hero of the battlefield can fight
successfully the battle for bread.

He that delves in the phenomena of Nature's
laws, communes with the Omnipotent.

The soldier that disclaims sense of dread or
fear in mortal combat, is a liar or a fool.

When domestic troubles afflict the rich,
their very wealth is the gall of poverty.

Paternal affection, the gem of life, demon-
strates the same in all the animal kingdom.

The higher a man's abilities rise above his
surroundings, the more his faults are seen.

Avarice and greed are twins. Feed them
and the soul that nourished them is doomed.

If you would tell what you hear, the man-
ner of telling is as important, as choice of
language.

In fighting the battle of life, stand to your guns at all times and under all circumstances.

Those that educate their feet must pay the fiddler. Educate the head and the fiddler must pay.

The faults of your neighbor may, after all, be as surface blemishes on the stone of a tall, stately pyramid.

He that swerves from his convictions to gain public favor, is like a hound that leaves the trail of a deer to play with an adder.

Why should man fear to die? It is as natural to die as to be born. Death often comes as relief to him whom freedom cannot release; as comforter to him whom time cannot console.

Licensing by law the manufacture of spiritous liquors, and then having recourse to law to prohibit its use, is a climax in moral perfidy.

Man comes to the world more forlorn than the insect; more helpless than the brute, and in the zenith of his power he may learn from the ant and the bee.

Were there no warring elements there would be neither fruit nor flowers; neither full fruition in manhood nor joy in life.

Usage and training is everything. The mother that cast her child to the Ganges obeyed dictate of right as she saw the right.

A wise man never speaks disparagingly of any woman's character; yielding heart and person to man is more than angels can bestow.

The end of our journey is near, let us do what good we can, we will not come this way again.





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